



Among the many things that Terry did for the Coastal and Marine Geology team was reviewing *Sound Waves*, a monthly newsletter about USGS coastal and marine research around the nation. Because I am currently the newsletter's editor, I had the great pleasure of knowing that I would have an opportunity to visit with Terry at least once a month, to talk about the newsletter and—because Terry was Terry—about whatever else was going on in our lives at the time. No matter how busy he was, Terry always took the articles cheerfully and turned them around quickly, returning

them with edits that were few—because he understood the need for speed in meeting the monthly deadlines—but very perceptive and useful. Other team members have generously stepped in to provide equally valuable reviews, but nothing will replace the regular chats with Terry triggered by the newsletter.

Because both my daughters attended Landels Elementary School in Mountain View, I knew I could count on seeing Terry in full colonial dress each spring at the fifth-graders' annual reenactment of a colonial village, dubbed "Landelsburg." Terry guided a team of students—often the more rambunctious ones—picked by the teachers to be his assistants in the town's Print Shop. Terry would meet with the students the day before the reenactment to teach them how to set type and use the press, and then he would spend the reenactment day with them, supervising as they printed hundreds of copies of the *Landelsburg Gazette* for all the younger students and other visitors. Terry was great with the kids, and as his reputation grew, so did the number of schools that asked him to help with their colonial villages. He will be missed at many schools and in the hearts of many teachers and former students.

Finally, because my office door faces our team mailroom and my office window has a view of the campus café, I heard Terry's voice nearly every day as he checked his mail and chatted with others in the mailroom, and I frequently saw him heading to the café to pick up lunch after taking his noontime walk, often in the company of his friend Mike Fisher. I don't know if I'll ever stop listening for his voice in the mailroom or wondering for an instant if a figure seen out of the corner of my eye walking toward the café is his.

Terry, I wish you were still here, but since you're not, I can only hope there really is a heaven, where we can meet again someday and resume a friendship that I will always treasure.

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